Vol. II. Numb. 83.

The British Apollo:

OR,

Curious Amuſements for the INGENIOUS.

To which are added the moſt

Material Occurrences Foreign and Domeſtick.

Perform'd by a Society of GENTLEMEN.

From Monday January 2d. to Wedneſday January 4th. 1710.

N. B. THERE be ſeveral Curious things preparing for this Paper, by our Additional Aſſiſtance, to render it ſtill more Entertaining than ever, being encourag'd thereunto by numbers of New Subſcribers continually coming in.

Q. 1. *Suppoſing I ſhould Marry a Lady I like well, without a Fortune, my ſelf alſo having none, whether by uſing my honeſt Endeavours, and leading a Life conformible to his reveal'd Will, I may without raſhneſs expect that God Almighty will ſo Interpoſe his Providence, that nothing will be wanting to us, that is abſolutely neceſſary to the ſuſtaining of Human Life, tho' our Expectation at preſent is ſomewhat diſcouraging: Or,*

Q. 2. *Whether it may not (in your Opinion) be diſobliging to God Almighty, if we ſhou'd Act againſt that Reaſon which he himſelf has plac'd in us, to be our Guide in all our Actions, on the Expectation that he would alter the Courſe of things for us, and by his Providence prevent theſe Misfortunes, which (to all outward Appearance) wou'd be the conſequence of ſuch a Marriage, and inſtead of bleſſing us, give us over to the Effects of our own Raſhneſs? If ſo,*

Q. 3. *Whether Perſons under my Circumſtances, who are ſubject to the ſame Wants and Deſires, to the ſame Weakneſſes and Infirmities as other Men, are not very Unhappy, in being in a manner debar'd from that Relief which the Law of God and Man have provided for Mankind in General,* viz. *Matrimony?*

A. To enter into a State of Matrimony, while as yet you have no Reaſonable Proſpect of Maintaining a Family, what is this but to commit a Breach upon that Commandment enjoyn'd in the old Teſtament, and Repeated in the New by our Lord himſelf; *Thou ſhalt not Tempt the Lord thy God.* And therefore you do well to be Afraid (as is intimated by the Tenor of your ſecond Queſtion) leſt ſo Preſumptuous a Procedure ſhou'd Provoke a Jealous God to *give you up to the Effect of your own raſhneſs.* Can They expect, that God ſhou'd exert an Extraordinary Providence in Their behalf, who have rendred themſelves Unworthy of his Common Providence?

But if you Forbear to Marry, in Obedience to the Will of God; if you Deny your ſelf out of Fear of Tempting him, you will have then more reaſon to Hope, that Providence will amend your preſent Circumſtances, and Enable you to Marry, as the Reward of your Obedience, as the Recompence of your Self-denial. But tho' God ſhou'd think fit to continue your Misfortune, inſtead of Murmuring and Repining you ſhou'd be ready to ſay with a ſubmiſſive *Job*; *Shall we receive Good at the hands of God, and ſhall we not receive Evil?* This is the time to Evidence your Submiſſion to an Over-ruling Providence, to let your *Patience have it's Perfect Work*, to imitate the Captain of your Salvation, and Reſign up your ſelf to an All-wiſe Diſpoſal *with a Not My Will but Thine be done.* And for your Comfort bear it always in your Mind, that if in this Life you be Unhappily *Tormented*, in the Next you will be more Abundantly *Comforted*; that theſe Light Afflictions, which endure but for a ſeaſon, Work for you a far more Exceeding and Eternal Weight of Glory.

Q. Gentlemen, *In your* Apollo *of the* 4th *of* May, 1709. *You have Refuted a Vulgar Error. Affirming that Gold is not the Production of the warm Beams of the Sun, as hath been generally (but miſtakenly) ſuppoſ'd. Agreable hereunto is the Opinion of* Lex Mercatoria, *which Author ſaith that Cold Climates have abounded with Gold. And becauſe in ſome parts of* North Britain, *uſually after Floods of Rain, ſmall Grains or Particles of Gold are found waſhed from the Mountains into the Lower Lands, it is reaſonable from thence to conclude, that the Body or Center of this Gold muſt be in the Mountains, from whence the Rain waſheth theſe looſe Grains. But whether they Center there in any Vein or Body, or are there Promiſcuouſly in looſe ſcatter'd Particles, Your Judicious Anſwer is deſir'd, becauſe it is a receiv'd Opinion by many, that there is no ſuch thing as a Vein of Gold. But in* Cornwal *and* Devon, *amongſt the Tin Mines, theſe looſe Grains of Gold are ſaid to come from the Body or Center, for by tracing the Courſe of theſe ſmall Grains, which they call the Shoad, they are led to the Vein or Body of the Tin, which the Miners call the Load. And why may not theſe ſmall Grains of this Rich Ore or Metal, waſhed from the Mountains in* North Britain, *indicate that the Vein, Center, or Bo-*

of thereof is in the Mountains, from whence these loose Grains are washed by the Rains.

A. We are much of your Mind that those Mountains from which small Grains of Gold are washed down into the Valleys do contain in their Bowels Veins of the Oar of that precious Metal; but how rich that Oar may be, and whether it would be worth one's while and charge to dig for it we will not undertake to determin, wishing, however; that your Question and reasonable surmise could encourage some People to try an Experiment which might prove so beneficial to them and the whole Nation.

Q. Gentlemen, *I beg you'll inform me the two following Questions.*

1. *Whether a Woman can engender a Mola without being Caress'd by a Man?*

2. *Whether the Blood is form'd before the Heart, or the Heart before the Blood?* *From Your Humble Servant,* T. B.

A. We answer your first Question in the Negative, for we take a true Mola to be nothing but a small Embrio by some Accident or other degenerated into an unweildy mass or lump of fleshy Substance, and we do not think it possible according to the stated Laws of Nature, that such an Embrio should be formed or have any beginnings in the Uterus without the assistance of the Masculine Semen.

2. The Heart as well as all other solid parts of a Fœtus being contained in the Ovum even before it is fecundated by the Masculine Semen; and on the other hand nothing like Blood appearing in it but a considerable time after, we may very well conclude that the Heart is formed before the Blood.

Q. Gentlemen, *Your Impartial Character of that great Man* Socrates, *puts me in mind of the Beloved of the Earth,* viz. Julius Cæsar, *and if you'll speak something of his Principles, and whether he was not Justly Provok'd by* Pompey *into a War, after so much Benignity had been used in pardoning so many Treacherous Offenders, You'll extremely oblige Yours,* &c.

A. We have formerly given a Character of *Julius Cæsar* in a Comparison between Him and *Pompey*, and to that Comparison we refer you. As to the Usage he met with from *Pompey*, it cannot be Denied, but that he receiv'd very great Provocations from that Great General, who cou'd not bear an Equal in the State. And it must be own'd too, that he dealt very handsomely by him. When upon his very Entrance on the War he sent him back the Legions which *Pompey* had lent him. But, however, no Affronts receiv'd from *Pompey* cou'd Justify his making War upon his Country. And therefore *Cæsar* (as Ambitious as he was) was very Anxiously Doubtful, whether he shou'd Procede or Retreat, before he cou'd Prevail upon himself to pass the *Rubicon.*

That *Cæsar* was Merciful to a Prodigy, his very Enemies acknowledg'd. And indeed he was a Man of a very Compassionate and tender Nature, but yet his Lenity, as it was the highest piece of Policy, so also it was no more than strict Justice. For with what confidence cou'd he Punish those, who by fighting against him had done no more than their Duty in the Just and Necessary Defence of their Mother-country.

As to those, whom he not only spar'd, but unexpectedly oblig'd too with Honors and Preferments, and who yet engag'd in his Destruction upon a Principle, not of Conscience, but of Malice, in that they Hated the Man, and not the Tyrant, They sure were guilty of more than Ordinary Ingratitude. And therefore we may Pronounce *Cassius* Ingratitude it self.

Q. Dear Apollo, *I am infinitely oblig'd with your Answer to* Minerva, *for She that Loves and can declare it (in her manner) is not Mistriss of her self, therefore deserves not the Love of my* Apollo, *but her Phantastick Passion will soon Evaporate to nothing. She already prohibes Rules, and gives you leave to be my Friend, but She'll soon Extirpate me, and Monopolize all to her self. 'Tis well my Cave's Invisible, or she'd make it Ecchо with Splenetick Musick, not agreable to it's Motto. By your frequent Repetitions you have signified your Esteem to me, distribute your sweet Embraces (as the Lady calls them) as you please, it shall give no Disquiet, so you'll once more say you are a Friend to You Loving Ecchо.*

A. Pardon (Divine *Ecchо*) if *Apollo* a little resents your Suspicion of his Constancy. He will as soon decline his pursuit of *Fame* and *Glory*, as his Importunities to *Ecchо* for her Favors, in whose Breath *They* must live.

Q. *The Intention of those words* Δὸς πῦ στῶ?

A. They were spoke by *Archimedes* (that Incomparable Mathematician of *Syracuse* in *Sicily*, who destroy'd the *Roman* Ships by his Prodigious Ingines, but was slain at the taking of the Town, notwithstanding the strict Orders of *Marcellus*, the Roman General, who was extremely desirous to save so Unrival'd an Artist, whose Skill the *Romans* might have made considerable use of) who was us'd to say, give me but a Place, whereon to stand, and I will Move the World.

Q. Gentlemen, *You are desired to give the reason why the* Zodiack *is so called, and what the* 12 *Signs therein do represent. A speedy Answer will Oblige Yours,* Philoi-paideia.

A. The *Zodiack* is so call'd from the *Greek* word Ζῶδιον, an *Animal*, by reason of the several Animals, that compose the 12 Signs. Each Sign is a Constellation of Stars, and has it's name from that Animal, whose Form the several Stars, which compose the Constellation, has been fancied by Astronomers to represent. The Sign *Leo*, for Instance, is therefore so call'd, because the Stars, of which that Constellation consists, was thought by some Ancient Astronomer or Astronomers to Exhibit the Figure of a Lion.

Q. *Who was Author of Satyr?*

A. The *Romans* indeed drank Plentifully at the Fountains of *Greece*, and freely Acknowledg'd the *Grecians* to have been their Schoolmasters. The Poets form'd their Epick from *Homer*'s Model, that Father of the Poets, of whom *Horace* give this Unrival Character.

Quanto Rectius Hic, qui Nil molitur Ineptè.

The *Dramatists* copied from *Thespis*, *Æschilus*, *Sophocles*, *Euripides*, *Aristophanes*, *Eupolis*, and *Menander*. *Horace* (who was the first Roman Lyrick, as he himself acquaints us) deriv'd his Method from *Alcæus*, *Sapho*, *Archilochus*, *Pindar*, and *Anacreon*.

But the *Romans* were themselves the Inventors of the *Satyr* as *Horace* assures us in what he says of old *Ennius*, who was the first Satyrist

——*Græcis Intacti Carminis Auctor.*

Some rather look upon *Lucilius* as the Author, because he Polish'd the Rudeness of *Ennius*'s Satyr, and made that an Art, which in the other seem'd to be no more than the wilder Product of Uncultivated Nature. And hence it is, that in this respect *Horace* Prefers *Lucilius* to *Ennius*;

——*Lucilius, inquam,*
Comis et Urbanus; fuerat Limatior idem
Quam Rudis et Græcis intacti carminis Auctor,
Quorum; Poterarum Senectus Iniba.

POEMS.

Q. YE British Bards, *of Heav'nly Race,*
Who Charm the Town with Your ſoft Lays,
Lays, more Melodious far than thoſe,
Which did the Theban *Walls Compoſe:*
Or thoſe which did from Orpheus *flow,*
When in the Gloomy Shades below.
He to his Utmoſt Power ſtrove,
Stern Pluto *and the Damn'd to move,*
To give him back his Queen *of* Love.
If One who ſpends in Tears the day,
And Sighs the livelong Night away,
Who greater Torments far does feel,
Than e'er Ixion *on the Wheel?*
If one, who does Your Godhead own
Without Offence may make his Moan,
Pity and Heal your Love-ſick Corydon.
As Phillis *tripp'd along the Plain,*
I felt a Pleaſing Smarting Pain
Run ſuddenly through every Vein.
Young Cupid *threw his fatal Dart,*
Which violently peirc'd my Heart.
I ſaw the God, *and ſtrait I pray'd*
He'd wound as well as me the Maid,
But in a Moment he was fled.
I cry'd to Venus, *ſhe'd not hear,*
Nor prove Propitious to my Pray'r.
I wept, I look't, I talk't of Love,
But Words and Tears did fruitleſs prove,
No Glance would my Obdurate *Move.*
With Wanton Motion walk't along,
And ſtrove to Charm her with my Song;
I ſtrove, alas! but ſtrove in vain,
For She would Smile to ſee my Pain,
And Anſwer all my Sighs with Cold Diſdain.
Yet ſtill I love the ſcornful Maid,
To that Degree I'd Death Invade,
To ſave her from his Gloomy Shade.
Quench then the Fire with which I burn,
Or all my Love to Hatred turn;
Or teach me how to raiſe Deſire,
And make Her burn with equal Fire.

A. Tho' ſtill you've Lov'd and Lov'd in vain,
And nothing purchac'd but Diſdain.
Your Sighs no more Impreſſion find,
Than Tranſient Blaſts of common Wind.
Tho' you by neither Mein nor Air,
Nor by a Song can Charm the Fair,
Deſpair not; for there is an *Hour*
When all Confeſs the Tyrant's Pow'er.
Perhaps your Paſſion She diſ[dains],
Becauſe She will not *own her Flames.*
As Conſc'ous when She ſeems to Yeild,
She'll loſe the Glory of the Field;
Or elſe appears to diſapprove,
Alone to hear you *Talk of Love,*
Suſpecting when th' Attack is o'er,
She'll hear of Love's Alarms no more;
Or elſe refuſes to comply,
To try your Faith and Conſtancy.
A Thouſand Stratagems the Sex
Will uſe, our Judgments to perplex,
And our Addreſſes to beguile,
Ev'n when they're Dying all the While.
Exert your Courage, then appear
Not ſhockt with Frowns, nor Blank't by Fear,
The ſtrongeſt Fort of Warlike Form
Is carry'd by Intrepid Storm,
Whilſt the Faint Coward always gains
But Shame and Labor for his Pains.

Q. *Ye* Bards, *who in Paternal Sires rejoice,*
Vouchſafe your Laurels this my Verſe to grace.
It is not Phœbus *who with ſcorching Rays,*
Nor is my Faith as yet ſo ſtrong to think,
That the Almighty's Curſe on wicked Cham
Should with ſuch Terror rage, as be the cauſe
Of changing the Decree of Nature's Law,
Which She in beauteous Comlineſs had made,
And when bright Phœbus *deigned not to ſee.*
Yet now your Sifter bluſhes to behold
So rigid black, ſo diſmal they appear.
Tell me, then, ye Bards (*for it's You alone*
To whom great Nature's Secrets all are clear)
What makes this blackneſs o'er the Negroes *reign,*
When all Men elſe from Nigridneſs are free.

A. Apollo does diſown himſelf the *Cauſe*
Of ſuch a ſully'd, Foul Deformity,
Nor will he Charge it as a Curſe on *Cham*;
But what's the Phyſical Original,
If you'll look back to his firſt Oracles
You'll find, for Time's too precious to *Repeat.*

To the BRITISH APOLLO,
On that Excellent ODE *on the Nativity of Our* Saviour, *in* Numb. 79.

HAIL ye bright *Bards* of Tall Seraphick kind,
In whom ſuch Charms, ſuch wondrous Charms (we find;
You who abound with Eloquence and Wit,
In all the various *Numbers* e'er were writ;
Such *Maſter Strokes* in ev'ry *Strain* you ſhew,
Whether they *Soar* aloft, or ſmoothly *Flow*;
By *Theſe* you gently lull the Soul to Reſt,
By *Thoſe* you brighten and Inflame the Breaſt.
But when of *Heav'n* and *Heav'nly Things* you (write,
You ſeem deſcended from thoſe *Realms of Light,*

Such

Such ſprightly *Thoughts*, ſuch vaſt *Idea's* ſhine
Throughout your *Works*, they ſpeak 'em all *Divine*.
Go on ye *Glories* of our *Britiſh Iſle*,
And may the *Heav'ns* on all your *Labors* ſmile;
And may a Gen'rous Race of Men ariſe,
May waft your equal Praiſes to the Skies;
Where when ye mount, may future times be kind
To thoſe *Illuſtrious Names* ye leave behind.

The laſt Quarterly-Book, *containing various Subject, Serious and Humorous, in Proſe and Poetry, with a new Song ſet to Muſick and all the Parts inſerted, to be had no where but in the ſaid Book, may be had of the Men in their Walks.*

In laſt Paper, Col. 4. l. 33. for *wetched*, r. *wicked*. Col. 5. l. 14. for *kiſſing*, r. *killing*. l. 17. for *needleſs*, r. *endleſs*.

SIR,

WE are made believe, that a certain famous Chymiſt in Languedoc, has written to Court, that he has attain'd to the Art of making Gold; and that having offer'd to come to Court, and work, without Recompence, the King has been pleas'd to ſend for him. Nevertheleſs, 'tis the general Opinion of Men of Senſe, that 'tis a Report rais'd on purpoſe to prevail with ſuch as have Money, to part with it the more freely; as was done three or four Years ago, when they talk'd of a Diſcovery of a rich Gold Mine in Bearn.

Hague, Jan. 10. N. S. We are told, that the King of Pruſſia perſiſts in his Reſolution, entirely to withdraw his Troops from Italy, and not ſuffer them to return thither any more. In that caſe, 'tis generally believ'd, the Allies will act on the Defenſive only, in Piedmont, next Campain, and ſend a conſiderable Reinforcement of Troops from Italy. We have yet no News of the King of Sweden. The Plague at Danzick is in a manner ceas'd, there having died but 79 Perſons in the Week we laſt receiv'n an Account of. Private Letters from France import, that beſides the extreme Want of Money and Proviſions, there rages a contagious Diſtemper in Burgundy, Languedoc, and Provence, which ſweeps off a World of People.

London, Jan. 4. On Sunday laſt, Sir Thomas Littleton, Treaſurer of the Navy, died.

On Monday Lieutenant General Stanhope arriv'd here. Which is all from Yours, *&c.*

Any Perſons in Town may have theſe Papers brought to their Houſes at 3 *s. per* Quarter, by directing to Mr. *Carter*, at the *Roſe* and *Crown* in St. *Paul's Church-yard*, Mr. *Bickerton*, at the *Roſe* and *Crown* in *Little-Britain*, or to the Printer hereof, ſuperſcrib'd to the *Britiſh Apollo*. N. B. All that begin within the Quarter to pay on Quarter-day a Penny for each Paper they have had. All Queſtions to be directed in like manner, but none will be anſwer'd out of the Country, where Poſtage is not paid.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

AS it would be no leſs diſreſpectful, than injurious to the Publick, to conceal the Merits of Mr. *Grant*, OCULIST; This is therefore to Certify, that *William Dixon*, now a Penſioner in Her Majeſty's Royal Hoſpital at *Chelſea*, aged 67, having ſeveral Years loſt my Sight by *Cataracts*, and ſubmitted my ſelf to be couched of both Eyes ſome Years ago, but without Succeſs; but hearing of the many rare Cures perform'd by Mr. *Grant*, I made my Application to him, who, thro' the Bleſſing of God couched both my Eyes, and reſtored me to Sight in Five Minutes, which Operation Mr. *Grant* perform'd *Gratis*, to the Truth of which I am ready to make Oath. Witneſs my Hand, *William Dixon*.

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Juſt Publiſh'd.

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